Trouble with a good many 't plays tol'able good game o' poker is 't they hain't forehanded," said old man Green-

I sh'd say how a man 't ain't four handed 'd carry a consid'ble handicap when it came to playin' with some un 't was," said Jim Blaisdell, "but I never played with nobody 't had that number. Pears like it 'd be a hell roarin' big 'dvantage for to have a extry pair, but I hain' met up with that kind."

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed old man Green hut. 'You uns 'pears to be in th' infant I'll ast ve for to strain yer intellect enough for to try 'n' understand what forehanded means. 'Tain't to say 's a man's a quadderped as to his hands. It's just how he's got sense enough to be beforehand in a emergency.

"Oh, well, reck'nin' that away like enough you're right," said Joe Bassett indifferently. "When it comes to 'mer gencies the man what's beforehand o' t'other man drawin' a gun is mostly the best off; but th' ain't no need o' specifyin' draw poker. That there's true under all circumstances.

\*Course there's need o' specifyin' draw poker," retorted old man Greenhut. There's always a need o' specifyin' draw poker. Ain't nothin' 't happens to a man but what it's a heap more so when he plays poker.

Reason why Providence done ordained there sh'd be draw poker was so's to show mankin' all the moral lessons there is. Bein' as one o' the things what's necessary for to give a man good character an' a decent amount o' prop'ty is for him to be forehanded, likely that's one o' the reasons why the good Lord done had draw poker invented. Must 'a' been in order to teach him to be fore-

"That there line o' talk sure is some interestin'." said Jim Blaisdell, "but I'm hornswoggled 'f I c'n see how he's goin' to hold four hands to oncet. Not under the rules, be can't."

Old man Greenhut opened his mouth as if about to reply, but instead of talking he began to sputter and choke, while his face grew purple. His anger was too great for utterance, nor could he close his mouth till he had placed a fresh cigar in it. Lighting this, he walked around to his favorite seat by the window of his saloon and placing his feet on the sill he gifted enough for to win out ag'in p'fessionals, even if they was the cheap sort. Old man Greenhut opened his mouth saloon and placing his feet on the sill he smoked a long time in silence.

Then after a long silence, he said: There was Bill Simmons. More'n likely there wa'n't a no 'counter, low downer young feller in Greenville what reely b'longed to quality nor Bill was. 'Peared like he didn't had life enough to get drunk, n'r ambition enough fer to ride a hoss, an' when it come to a fight, they useter say 't a kid c'd scare the life outen him by just doublin' up his fist.

"But Bill 'peared to sort o' wake up early in '61, when we was all lookin' f'r war with the No'th an' reck'nin' on lickin' the Yanks afore the summer was over. Th' old man was richer'n mud, an' never useter borry from the cotton factors, same as poorer planters had to, even them times, but Bill he got holt o' his pa an' reasoned with him good.

"He says: "This here onpleasantness 'twixt us an' the Yanks is consid'able more o' a mouthful nor we been thinkin'. ou may get crops this year, an' you may not. What you've got to do is to borry all you can, an' salt away the money; an' you want to get it in gold." "Well, th'old man, first off, he thought Bill

Then he laid low, like Bill.'
"Consequence was him an' Bill come
through the war nigh as rich as they was
afore, an' everybody else poorer'n Job's
turkey. Then when th' old man cashed in he'd al'ays kind o' set back, knowin' th' old man 'd tend to things, leavin' him nothin' to do but read; but when he found hisself alone he seen 't somebody 'd ought'r to tend to business, 'thouten he was to let the moth an' the rust eat up his prop'ty, like the Good Book says, so he looks 'round f'r a nice genteel p'fession an' nat'rally he seen how draw poker was it.

was it.
"Seems there was one o' them books
"Seems there was one o' them books
what what he'd been readin' so much what was reely useful, bein' as it was wrote about draw poker. Told all-about the different hands, an' what the chances

diffrent hands, an' what the chances was o' fillin' in the draw.

Bill Simmons had been studyin' on it till he had it all 't his fingers' ends.

"Peared he'd been improvin' his mind all these years when everybody thought he was foolin' away time just readin' books what wa'n't nothin' more'n plain, ordinary books. An' that was the second time when we uns learned what Bill Simmons was borned forehanded.

"More'n that, 'pears this here book on draw poker done told him a heap o' things bout what was good play an' what wa'n't, when t'other feller raised, him havin' three o' a kind an' no way o' tellin' if

when t'other feller raised, him havin' three o' a kind an' no way o' tellin' if t'other man was pat or bluffin'."

"Say, Greenhut," broke in Joe Bassett, you hain't been drinkin' onusual this mornin', has ye?"

"What ye mean?" ejaculated old man Greenhut wrathfully.

"Oh, nothin'. On'y you 'pear to be talkin' some wild. Stands to reason th' ain't no such book as that un you're tellin' on."

'Why not?" demanded the old man,

whose wrath was increasing.
"Cause if a man knowed enough about

"Cause if a man knowed enough about poker to write a book like that," said Bassett coolly, "he'd know enough not to fool away his time writin' o' it. All 't he'd have to do 'd be to play."

"That's reasonable," said Jake Winterbottom. "'Pears like there must be somepin' wrong about that there story o' yourn, Greenhut."

"Well, I ain't sayin' but what it looks onnatral like." admitted old man Green-

"Well. I ain't sayin' but what it looks onnat'ral like," admitted old man Greennut, seeing that he was fairly cornered,
'an' all 't I c'n say is 't there was a book like that, an' Bill Simmons had it.

"How come anybody was fool enough to write it I dunno, on'y th' ain't no tellin' what kind o' madness there is into them fellers what writes books. I reckon mebbe there was so many books wrote afore that what there wa'n't nothin' else left f'r him to write about.

"Anyway, Bill Simmons 'peared to know tol'able nigh all there was to know about draw poker when he first begin to play on'y f'r one thing. He were the awk'ardest guy you ever seen handlin' a deck o' cards.

"Couldn't even riffe, the deck, an'

awk'ardest guy you ever seen handlin's deck o' cards.

"Couldn't even riffle the deck. an' had to shuffle overhand like youngsters does when they'm learnin'. Bein' that awk'ard he just nachully didn't know nothin' about stackin' the cards, an' as 'ir dealin' off'n the bottom 'pears he'd never even heard o' that."

"That book o' his'n wa'n't much good, seen, a'ter all, observed Jim Blaisdell with a sneer.

"Well, 'twa'n't in a way," admitted old man Greenhut, "an' if it hadn't been f'r a secident like Bill Simmins 'd prob'ly lost all his money afore he'd 'a' knowed what was wrong. But Hank Walters was considable o' a reter and there was considable o' a reter and there

Bill stayed. 'Peared his book told him that was the way to play two pair afore the draw."

"Couldn't find no fault with that," observed Jake Winterbottom, and the others nodded gravely.

"Well, Hank was deelin' an' a'ter Bill done took one and Hank took two. Then

"Well, Hank was dealin' an' a'ter Bill done took one card Hank took two. Then Bill put in a white chip an' Hank rose it again an' Bill called. 'Pears he kind o' s'picioned Hank was bluffin', but Hank showed three aces an' Bill seen a gre't white light. It sure was remarkable."

"I don't see nothin' remarkable about that, "said Sam Pearsall disparagingly.

"No," said old man Greenhut, "I reckon you wouldn't, but right there was where Bill Simmons showed again what he was a forehanded man. 'Pears'he done seen a oe o' diamonds on the bottom o' the

less, cheery Sunday morning breakfast table prattle, arouses in Mr. Gnagg a sort a forehanded man. Fears he done seen a ace o' diamonds on the bottom o' the deck afore the draw, Hank not bein' extry slick. Then when he showed down three aces Bill seen 't one on 'em was a di'mond."

"I reskon that was where Bill showed hisself forehanded pullin' agun," said

"I reckon that was where Bill showed hisself forehanded pullin' a gun," said Joe Bassett with a laugh.
"That's what you'd nachully think," said old man Greenhut, "but he done better'n that. 'Pears he seen, quicker'n lightnin', how there was somepin' into the game what his book didn't tell about an' he cashed in, not lettin' on to Hank what he'd saw. An' he wouldn't play no more that night. what he'd saw. An' no more that night.

what he'd saw. An' he wouldn't play no more that night.

"But next day he come to me on the quiet an' he says, 'Greenhut, there's somepin' wrong about this here game o' draw poker an' I don't rightly understand it. This here book o' mine' (an' that's when I learned about the book) 'it don't tell nothin' about no such dealin' as Hank Walters done. 'Pear's like I done got some more studyin' to do.'

"So I says to him, 'You sure has if you're lookin' to make a p'fession o' draw poker. You plays a good game, I says, 'fer a amachure, but you'd lose y'r eye teeth,' I says, 'if you was to play with p'fessionals.

Thing is,' I says, 'you know what to do with y'r cards when you get 'em, but you don't know what you're goin' to get nor what t'other feller has. Now a reel first class player.' I says, 'had ought fer to have a tol'able clear idee o' what's out afore he plays.

what's out afore he plays.

"You got to be forehanded,' I says, 'an'

"You got to be forehanded,' I says, 'an' see't you get somepin' better'n the man what's playin' ag'in you.

"Well, then he as't me how you c'd do that, an' I told him somepin' about how cards c'd be m'niperlated if a man was to practise long enough an' how cards was marked sometimes so 's't you c'n tell 'em by the backs, an' he listened careful, but didn't say nothin'.

"Then he went home an' stayed there i'r maybe a year or so afore he ever

f'r maybe a year or so afore he ever played again. I reckon he must 'a' set up nights, though, all that year, f'r when he showed up ag in he were a monstrous slick player. 'Pears he done learned his-self to do stunts 't nobody in Greenville 'd

sionals, even if they was the cheap sort.
"But a'ter Bill Simmons reely had finished his edication he was more'n a match f'r any on 'em, an' there wa'n't one 't come to town f'r two or three year what didn't have to borry money to get away with. If the Lord 'd 'a' spared Bill Sim-mons's life a spell longer, I reckon Green-ville mought 'a' been as famous as Arkan-City is, but 'twa'n't to be.

"Fact was 't even Bill Simmons had one weak p'int. Mostly everybody has, ewen among the best, but we hadn't none on us looked fer Bill to fall down the way he did final, bein as he'd showed hisself forehanded 'most every way you c'd think of. But there's mighty few that's perfect, an' Bill wa'n't no 'xception.

"There was a couple o' yaps drifted into town one day an' looked 'round a spell,

workin' one night, lookin' monstrous un-contented, an' says to me what he reck-

"But Bill, he sort o' perked up. 'Peared like he thunk he seen a chanst for to 'cumilate some of a wad, an' he gets talkin' with the two on 'em. Says he don't onderstand old sledge none too well, but if they're lookin' f'r a quiet game, he don't mind playin' a small limit at poker. So Dayton he says he won't play if the limit is more'n \$10.

"That sort o' staggered Bill, bein' as a ten dollar limit is some lively an'a heap more'n Greenville was used to, but bein' as that was what he wanted, he p'tended 'twa'n't reely big enough, but he'd play thataway, bein' as there wa'n't nothin' else diddin'. So the three on 'em started a game.

With this final dictum the old man's

DREADNOUGHT ON THE PHONE. been seen, pretty red eyed, at the grocery

Hold on a minute. What are you talking about, anyhow? For the last fifteen minutes or so I've been cons

of a sort of buzzing noise, not unlike that of a motor boat that skips occasional explosions. Was it you talking? I can't emember that you've said anything during the quarter of an hour, but it is presumable of course that you thought you were saying something. It isn't altogether likely, either, that you've been talking to yourself.

UNCOMPLAINING MR. GNAGG

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK ON

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Mrs., Gnagg's Injudicious Choice of Topies

Yearnings of a Man Who Is Drying

Up Mentally-Little Suggestions for

Making Home Brighter Volunteered.

Mrs. Gnagg, indulging in a little harm-

of mental unrest which he expresses as

Am I to understand that you've been directing this rataplan of unmeaning chatter at me? Because, really, you snow, I'm obliged to confess that I've only caught a phrase fiere and there, and I'm going to leave it to you to judge whether any of these observations you've been making were sufficiently intelligent to call for any kind of an answer from anybody.

off by exuding some kind of a bromidiom about what a hot morning it is. Now. d'ye honestly think it was imperative that you get that remark out of your

soon as I opened my eyes this morning. You can't make it any cooler by harping How's that? Your only idea was to make a little talk, you say? Why, cer'ly.

I know that it's hot. I knew it as

cer'ly. I know that was your idea, of course; but before you open your face to say something why don't you make it a practice to have something to say? That's what I'm mumbling about. to that type in order to make things

You emit so many buzzing, humming little interesting around the house. sounds without ever saying anything. I don't get anything around my home that by the wildest stretch of the imagination could be called conversation. How can you expect a grown up human being to respond to that kind of Gertie and Gladys gabble?

Then you said something. I believe. about your hair needing to be washed. Well, did you expect me to turn two of three squersaults and stand on my head and behave like a delirious orang outang when you said that? D'ye think that called for a large, bulgy parcel of comment from me?

does need washing, then why in heaven's name don't you wash it, or have it washed and let it go at that? What have I got to do with your hair's need for washing? Is that the kind of chatter you think ought to be spilled on a man at the breakfast table, especially on a morning when the coffee's sloppy. Hey?

calculated to start off a hot Sunday with a soaring uplift? When my hair needs washing I don't go around yammering

"There was a couple o' vaps drifted into town one day an' looked 'round a spell, lettin' on they was hose traders an' sayin nothin' about draw poker till they'd been there nigh about a week. 'Pears they'd heerd o' Bill an' knowed he was puttin' up a stiff game, an' they'd come special for to do him up.

"Mason an' Dayton was the names they went by, an' mebbe they had a right to 'em. Nobody knowed 'em an' we never found out a'ter just who they was, but they sure did play good poker.

"Bill come into the barroom where was workin' one night, lookin' monstrous unfollows August.

D'ye suppose that that kind of inane contented, an' says to me what he reakons th' ain't no more spo'tin' blood left
in Greenville.

"Th' ain't been a game on f'r mo' 'n a
hell roarin' big advance onto his crops
an' begin hoardin' gold till he got nigh
onto all there was in our part o' Mississip.

Then he laid low, like Biil.

"The says, 'n' I reckon it's up to me
f'r to leave home an' try the boats. This
here idleness,' he says, 'is sort of eatin'
me up.'

contented, an' says to me what he reakons th' ain't no more spo'tin' blood left
in Greenville.

"Th' ain't been a game on f'r mo' 'n a
week, 'he says, 'an' I reckon it's up to me
f'r to leave home an' try the boats. This
here idleness,' he says, 'is sort of eatin'
me up.'

I'm not maintaining that you've got some

here idleness,' he says, 'is sort of eath' me up.'

"Then Mason he spoke up sort of indiffrent like, an' he says, 'What sort of a game was you mean'n', stranger?' An' Bill says he reckons there ain't but one game 't's with mentionin', an' o' course he means draw poker. So Mason he plays of he's disap inted.

"I thought mebbe you meant old sledge,' he says, 'inebbe me an' my side partaer mought set in with ye, but I reckon draw poker is some too rich 't' us.' An' he bit off some more tobacco, like he didn't had no more int'rest.

"But Bill, he sort o' perked up. 'Peared like he thunk he seen a chanst for to 'cumi."

I to transition that you've got some to uncoiling small talk that's meant for the mental feeding of white rabbits or prairie chickens.

Fact is I know that you've no purpose to make that might give a fellow a little momentary inkling of an idea that he is living a life one notch above a starfish.

Oh, well, you can't help it, I s'pose, and I've got no right, I s'pose, and I've got no right, I s'pose, too, to complain about it. When a man makes his bed—when, in short, he deliberately makes provision for a dull, dryrot life, then it's up to him to swallow his bolus without murmuring. I made up my mind to that a long while ago, and that's why you never hear me open my mouth about the dismal life I lead around here.

meal for breakfast again, and that the batmeal that they sell in the summer time is bound to be summer time. is beand to be more or less wormy. Well, what of it? Talk about wormy oatmeal isn't much of a physical or mental tonic for me. Anyhow, I've known for something like thirty-five years now that out-

meal gets wormy in hot weather.

It's this thing of talking just for talking's sake that gives me the mutters. I'm not denying, understand, that there of L. Ecker of Dorchester, the owner of the boat, and William A. Krauth, who was is some such a thing as agreeable, not to say delightful, small talk; but it's been so long since I heafd any samples of that kind—around here I mean—that I wouldn't more mill, when the power gave out. The

kind—around here I mean—that I would it know it any more if you pulled it on me with the label attached.

I know a lot of fellows who without having to try very hard can hold and do hold quite enjoyable conversations with their wives. I envy them. I don't say this with the least idea in the world of putting anything over on you, but'I sure do envy them.

I work and slave like a mahogany haui
I work and slave like a mahogany haui
J work and slave like a mahogany haui-

had some kind of a rough house up in their flat and that Mrs. Scrappitt had Telephone Cable Laid to the Vessel When in the Thames.

When the English fleet assembled for the recent display in the Thames one of the first things done was to make it possible to ring up the Dreadnought.

A steam cutter with a drum of telephone wire laid a submarine line from the line and that Scrappitt had been coming home pickled for several evenings in a row, and a whole lot of other inconsequential junk of the same general sort about a family that I hardly know and don't want to know and wouldn't be particularly interested in if I did.

I'll do you the justice to acknowledge that you probably thought you were store, and that Scrappitt had been coming

what was wrong. But Hank Walters was playin' with him one night an' there was consid'able o' a pot on the table.

"Bill had boosted when it come to him, connected with the regular exchange, bavin' two big pair an' everybody dropped but Hank. Then Hank he rose it an' electricity required for wireless.

by the Dreadnought.

A steam cutter with a drum of telephone wire laid a submarine line from the pler to the vessel. The shore end was connected with the regular exchange, but Hank was done to save the high voltage chipper-chapper on/me, and it is even

probable that I pretended, as it seems be necessary for a man to pretend, that

THE SUN. SUNDAY, AUGUST 22, 1909.

you think I was interested. Well, this

thing of acting agreeable all the time.

especially on top of a hard day's work,

isn't my idea of what those Chicago

university professors call a perfect con-nubiality, and I consider it only the fair

thing that you know this now as well as

All I hear around here is gas bills, how

frumpish the fat Mrs. Puttonlugs looks in

directoire dress; how you saw some

shirtweists on sale for \$1.38 to-day that

cost \$2.98 at the beginning of the season;

low you saw a man abusing a horse on

the street this morning, and you felt like

phoning to the Humane Society, only you

didn't know the Humane Society's num-

Does it ever enter your mind that we're

out here to grow mentally as well as physi-

cally? And is it your idea that a woman

fulfile the whole duty of a wife when she

How's that? You've heard me say

time and again, that I wouldn't live with

that, however, I deal more or less in hyper

By intellectual woman, as I use the

She doesn't have to hand out hunks of

wind coils of Stendhal and chatter about

Oh, well, if this sleep walking habit is

ne to do something about it. for I could

growing on me that way then it's time for

only have said a thing like that while in

a state of somnambulism. Maybe you'll

veryday existence? I've said that, hev!

Well. I've changed my mind about that

Said that I approved of and liked goe

Oh, well, that's a crafty scheme of

the warping, shrivelling process

nothing to make a man think or sort o

Result is, naturally enough, that my

gray matter is atrophying or drying up,

Boat Hauled Through Surf by Horses.

From the Boston Herald.

Two men in a 35 foot power boat we

sip, did I? Great! Grand! Next thing

done around here you've done it.

ate at night as a porch climber.

put him on his mettle.

e good enough to-

an intellectual woman for \$8 a minute?

per, and all such excelsior stuffing.

anion to her husband?

bole, if you gather that,

at any other time.

I really was interested in your breathles recital about the Scrappitts, but 1 wasn't interested a cent's worth. I was only trying to act agreeable by making

If solvers get as sharp as that it may be ecessary to start an honor list for tho who can guess which problems are to be seleted out of those published. The interesting part of No. 30 was the

umber of variations in the defence. The difficulty in solving it was to overcome the three clubs in A's hand so as to get the six tricks asked for. Those who studied the situation carefully soon arrived at the conclusion that the trick was to get three leads through A.

This problem is another of Frank Roy's sees to it that the beds are made and the compositions and owes its existence to the criticisms that were made on his No mantelpieces dusted and the pot roast put on the range at the proper time, and all that sort of thing? Did you ever en-23, printed June 20. Mr. Roy was quick to acknowledge the justice of the com-ments made by THE SUN'S readers and immediately set himself to compose a problem which should carry out their deavor to reason it out that it's sort of expected of a wife that she be, or at least try to be, something of an intellectual comdeas of what No. 23 should have been. No. 30 is the result.

Those who have No.-23 on file and can refer to it will observe that the great improvement on the original idea is Right you are, and you'll probably brought about by giving A a double tenace, and by making it his privilege to go right on hearing me say the same thing as long as I've got enough teeth left to permit of my articulating. When I say trump or not, after the first lead. best point in the present version, No. 20, s that Z has to duck the spade trick when B leads the king, and that he must phrase in ordinary conversation, I mean discard a diamond.

As to B's play, as the problem is now one of these women that think they know about nine million times more than their arranged, it is clearly fatal for him to lead the trump or the heart, so that the husbands, with an overhang of knowledge spade is forced, and Y is also forced to sufficient to permit of their knowing more play the grand coup in order to solve than anybody else on earth. That's the problem. As the position now stands THE SUN is inclined to agree with many what I mean by an intellectual woman. Well, a woman doesn't have to belong of its correspondents that No. 30 is about as pretty a grand coup problem as one

The straight line of play for the solu-Browning over the cantaloupe and untion is for Z to lead the five of clubs, won by Y, whatever A plays. Y then returns pragmatism over the dinner coffee. All the ace of hearts, and follows it with the hat any reasonable man asks of his wife s that she stop chronicling small beer. queen of spades, which B covers and Z passes up, discarding his deuce of dia-How's that? I told you only a little while ago that I depended upon you for the news of the little affairs of life, did I?

passes up, discarding his deuce of diamonds. A should also discard a diamond on this trick.

B's best defence is the immediate return of the spade, which Z must trump with the eight of clubs. A passing and Y undertrumping with the six of clubs.

Z's winning queen of hearts allows Y to get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the diamond if A does not get rid of the get rid of the

Z's winning queen of hearts allows Y to get rid of the diamond if A does not trump in, which he might do if he has discarded hearts. The third lead through A catches his minor tenace in trumps.

Solvers who gave the original lead as a trump, but did not specify the five of clubs, cannot be credited with correct answers, because "Z leads a trump" may mean either of his clubs, but if Z starts with the eight, Y cannot play the grand coup later and the problem cannot that the steamer, 300 feet long, and in order to get on a level with her bow the Squeegee would have to travel the length of the steamer, 300 feet, plus the distance that the steamer would go ahead while she was being overhauled. Suppose the little gossip adds a certain spiciness to sleep walking thing. If any of that's been grand coup later and the problem cannot know you'll be passing around that I am

in the habit of writing anonymous let-ters, and from that it'll be an easy step be solved. to whispering to your cronies that I oper-

be solved.

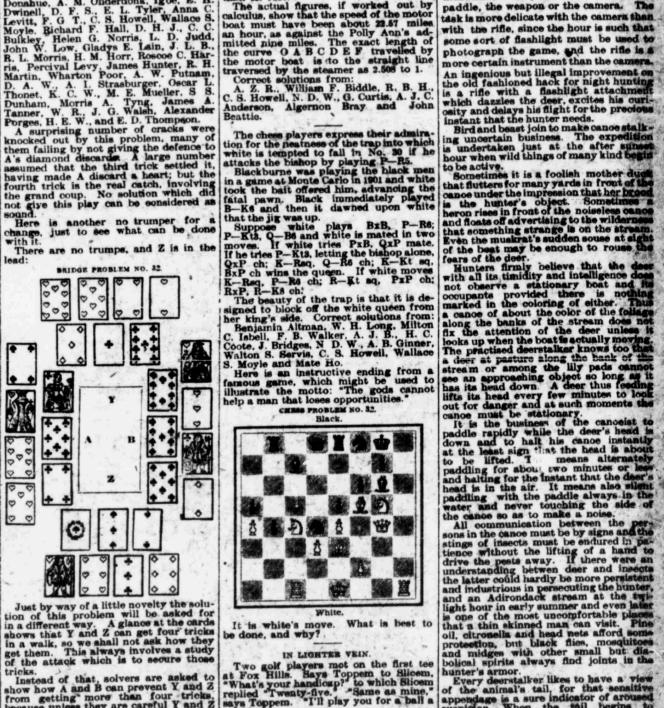
Those who start with the diamond from Z's hand overlook the immediate return of the spade king by B, trumped by A, securing two tricks at once.

The original heart lead is defeated by A's overtrumping Z if Y leads a spade for the second trick; or by B's trumping the diamond if Y leads that, letting A overtrump Z on the spade king lead. If Z refuses to trump the spade king, all three players must trump the spade jack, and the club king wins a trick at the end. yours anyhow to try to switch me from the thing I started to talk about; namely, is taking place in me owing to the fact that I have no more intellectual stimulus in my home than a woodchuck in his burrow. There's no uplift around here,

e end. Correct solutions from: ... Milton C. Isbell Victor Du Pont, Jr., Milton C. Isbell, H. K. Thaw, H. C. Schwecke, Thomas N. Gurney, A. Z. Huntington, J. L. Scott, W. W. Ramsay, Mrs. S. A. Cherrill, A. Cherrill, Charles F. Bertha J. Charles F. Charles F. Charles F. Charles F. gray matter is atrophying or drying up. or whatever you care to call it. Nothing's ever said around here to make it necessary for a man to do a quarter of a minute's consecutive thinking. Same W. A. R., M. B. B., Robert Crothers, J. P. W. A. R., M. B. B., Robert Crothers, J. P., Donahue, A. M. Onderdonk, Igoe. E. H. Dwinell, D. F. S., E. L. Tyler, Anna C. Levitt, F. G. T., C. S. Howell, Wallace S. Moyle, Bichard F. Hall, D. H. J., C. C. Bulkley, Helen G. Norris, L. D. Judd, John W. Low, Gladys E. Lain, J. L. B., R. L. Morris, H. M. Horr, Roscoe C. Harris, Percival Levy, James Hunter, R. H. Martin, Wharton Poor, A. W. Putnam, D. A. W. A. I. Strasburger, Oscar L. Thonet, K. C. W., M. E. Mueller, S. S. Dunham, Morris A. Tyng, James A. Tanner, W. R., J. G. Walsh, Alexander Porges, H. E. W., and E. D. Thompson.

A surprising number of cracks were knocked out by this problem, many of them failing by not giving the defence to A's diamond discards. A large number assumed that the third trick settled it, having made A discard a heart; but the fourth trick is the real catch, involving the grand coup. No solution which did not give this play can be considered as sound.

rescued in the worst northeaster of the season last night off the metropolitan parkway at Nantasket by officers of the Here is another no trumper for a change, just to see what can be done metropolitan police, assisted by cottagers.
Their boat was pulled ashore by a team.



Just by way of a little novelty the solution of this problem will be asked for in a different way. A glance at the cards shows that Y and Z can get four tricks in a walk, so we shall not ask how they get them. This always involves a study of the attack which is to secure those tricks.

Instead of that, solvers are asked to show how A and B can prevent Y and Z from getting more than four tricks, because unless they are careful Y and Z can get five, or even six. Now show your skill.

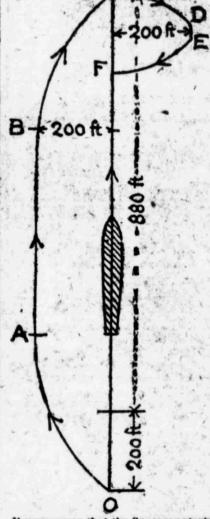
the world always ready for serving. Martini (gin base) Mani-stian (whiskey base) are niwaya popular. G. F. NEUBLEIN

PROBLEMS FOR SUN READERS

In the length of these circles, the curves being the stickers.

Som, solvers tried to work out the solution by the formula for epicycloidal wheels, which they should have readily seen was an error. The simplest and most common sense solution sent in seems to by that of N. D. Waffle, who shows that the bet can be decided without recourse to mathematics at all, and suggests that as the expert who was called in to settle the matter probably saw that neither party to the wager would understand his equations, or they would have resulted in to mathematics at all, and suggests that as the expert who was called in to settle the matter probably saw that neither party to the wager would understand his equations, or they would have figured out the answer themselves, he most likely gave them a little diagram of the matter, like this:

If solvers get as sharp as that it may be



that the steamer would go shead while she was being overhauled. Suppose the Polly Ann gains 200 feet more, the Squeegee would make 500 feet in that time if she kept the pace up, and would be abeam of the bow, ready to turn in and cross. This point is at B.

Another curve, 500 feet long, let us say, and the motor boat is at C, 200 feet dead ahead, the Polly Ann being 600 feet from where she started, with 280 feet to go so as to complete her sixth of a mile.

as to complete her sixth of a mile.

Now suppose the motor boat simply went straight away from the steamer's went straight away from the steamer's course, 200 feet at right angles, and let her pass, then coming back 290 feet to get astern of her again for another circle That would be 400 feet to be added to the 1,500 that the motor boat had already made to get across the steamer's bows. This total of 1,900 feet travelled is obviously more than twice as much as the 880 feet covered by the Polly Ann, the truth being that the distances from C to D and back to E and up to F are much more than 401 feet.

than 40 feet.

The actual figures, if worked out by calculus, show that the speed of the motor boat must have been about 22.57 miles an hour, as against the Polly Aun's admitted nine miles. The exact length of the curve O A B C D E F travelled by the motor boat is to the straight line traversed by the steamer as 2.508 to 1.

Correct solutions from:

A. Z. R., William F. Biddle, R. B. H.,
C. S. Howell, N. D. W., G. Curtis, A. J. C. Anderson, Algernon Bray and John Beattie.



Two golf players mot on the first tee at Fox Hills. Says Toppem to Slicem, "What's your handlesp?" to which Slicem replied "Twenty-five." "Same as mine." says Toppem. "I'll play you for a ball a hole."

because unless they are careful Y and Z can get five, or even six. Now show your skill.

TRAT BOAT BACE.

The mathematicians had a lovely time with that race between the Polly Ann and the Squeegee. For the entertainment that it has given them they are indebted to Chief Engineer M. P. Hite of the lighthouse establishment at Tompkinsville, who was good enough to send it to THE SUN.

One catch in the problem was the element of the circles round the steamer. Although the motor boat crossed the steamer's track twelve times in a mile, it took only six complete circles of the motor boat to do it. The trick was to holes did he win, no balls being jest?

paddle to within 50 yards of a feeding deel almost any evening between sunset and nak. Even as late as the middle of July a rather noisy party in two boats came wice upon the same deer on the edge of lake only 300 yards from a camp that had upied three or four weeks.

At that time the lily pads almost every where showed where the deer had be feeding. As the pads grow in size as toughness and are marked with worm noles, the deer, which have a delice palate, cease to eat them. If they visit the river banks after that it is for drink and for the young grass, and when they beco more timid with the advancing season th find their drink in the smaller street that flow through the deep forest.

You might think that Adirondack deer.

which are hunted legally and otherwise a good part of the year, would never relax their caution. All through the early summer, however, their footprints are seen in the deep sand of public roads and even in daylight they are occasionally seem crossing such highways as run throularge bodies of woodland. They used occasionally to astonish the

guests of one summer hotel by appearing at midmorning on the golf links, and last fall a guest of the same hotel actually stalked a deer successfully in an au bile less than half a mile from the hou Barbed wire carries the fence of the hotel kitchen garden to a height of nine feet in order that deer shall not get into the enclosure and eat the growing vegetables.

Deer are specially bold about old salt licks, and if you find a stump in the woods with many footprints of deer about it you may suspect that it has been saited A glance upward into the depths of sor tree commanding the stump may reve the comfertable perch from which the illicit hunter is accustomed to watch for his game. In spite of the fact that many

year after year, and sometimes one that has not been freshly baited for years. In spite of the cocasional surprisi coldness of deer experienced. always act upon the theory of their es treme timidity and cautious intellig No hunter lying in wait for deer likes to have any other animal or even a bird ap

deer are killed about such licks the ores-tures continue to visit a salted stump

proach his ambush. There are those who profess to be mutual protection between wild creats but it is a good deal more likely that de draw con birds and beasts rather than that th is any direct method of communi between the dear and other denizens the woods. A hunter lying in wait for deer was discovered by a crow, and the caw of the bird at sight of the man se the deer flying, not because the caw was intended to give the beast notice of dan-ger but because in the experience of the deer the call of a lone crow usually in-

dicates the presence of a mething unusual, and the unusual may be dangerous. Stalking deer in a cance is one of the most delicate of woodland arts, depending for success upon minute acquai edge of the stream and great skill in hand-ling both craft and paddle. The canoelst must know the parts of the stream in which he is likely to encounter his game, the m arks of the deer's recent presence and the topography of the stream and the

country through which it flows. If he means to shoot or to photograph he task is more delicate with the camera than with the rifle, since the hour is such that some sort of flashlight must be us

and minges with other and joints in the hunter's armor.

Every deerstalker likes to have a view of the animal's tail, for that sensitive appendage is a sure indicator of aroused suspicion. When the tail begins to twitch the hunter knows that his presence is suspected and redoubles his caution. If the tail rises pronouncedly he knows that he must take shot with rifle or camera or give up hope of game or picture.

The last glimpse that he gets of the fleeing deer is the white flaglike appearance of the inverted tail which to the unlearned in the lore of the woods always looks surprisingly large. A few minutes after the waving white plume has disappeared in the underbrush the foggy whistle of the frightened deer informathe wilderness that there is danger at hand and the hunter knows that he will not some upon another deer for a good half mile up or down stream



tle on hand and have

the best cocktail in

& BRO.